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McKean County Miner.

E. ROMER, Proprietor.

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Mail for E., N. Y. & P. (Ghoncho Branch) arrives at 12:15 p. m. and 6:27 p. m., and leaves at 8:00 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.

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Smethport, Pa., Feb. 3, 1888.

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PROVISIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

Which I am prepared to sell very cheap for cash.

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Opposite the E., N. Y. & P. Railroad Depot.

On the European Plan.

Neatly refitted and refurnished. First-class Restaurant in connection with the House. Prices reasonable.

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Remodeled and refurnished, and one of the best hotels in McKean County.

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All Kinds of

DRESSED LUMBER TO ORDER.

Plans and Specifications for Buildings furnished on application. All work guaranteed.

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MASONIC HALL FURNITURE STORE!

Specht & Sasse

We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of this vicinity and county with

FURNITURE!

of all kinds and of

PRICE AND QUALITY

to suit the purchaser.

Undertaking in all its branches.

Full and complete Line of

WALL PAPER!

Constantly on hand.

Friends and patron are invited to

CALL AND SEE US

in our location, and

Look at our Stock

SPECHT & SASSE,

Main St., Smethport, Pa.

GO TO

ROONEY'S MARKET

Wholesale and Retail

—FOR A—

Nice Piece of Meat

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

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FRESH & SALT FISH

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FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

I will also pay the highest price for

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CALL AND SATISFY YOURSELF

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FALL and WINTER STOCK

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A FULL LINE OF

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ETC., ETC.

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January 1, 1888.

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AND DECORATING,

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Feb. 10, 1888—tf.

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Fresh Lime, Plaster, Cement,

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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All business entrusted to their hands will be given prompt attention and satisfactorily done.

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BUSH & McINTOSH,

Manufacturers of

Door & Window Frames

Flooring, Siding,

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Sash and Blinds Furnished to Order.

CUSTOM PLANING

done on short notice.

Also manufacturers of

LEVER HANDLES, WHIFFLETREES,

NECK-YOKES, AND ALL KINDS

—OF TURNED WORK.—

Saws Gummed to order

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East: Smethport.

The Best Meat and Vegetable MARKET!

—IN—

SMETHPORT

I am prepared to furnish the people of the town and adjacent country with

Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c.

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VEGETABLES

IN THEIR SEASON.

A FIRST-CLASS LINE OF

FAMILY GROCERIES

AT PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

A Full Line of

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Highest market price paid for Hides and Pelts.

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Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

The Souls we loved are still alive,
The names we loved are enshrined,
O clasp these glorious truths, and strive
To realize what freedom cost.

HOW HER LETTER FOUND HIM.

"So here I am writing at home, dear,
And you so far away.
And when you read the letter
I wonder what you will say.
The green leaves whisper around me,
The nightingales sing above,
Just as they did that day, dear,
When you told me all your love!"

"I can see her," he fondly whispered,
As he sat by the far camp fire,
And read and read her letter
With heart that could never tire.
"I can see her true eyes shining,
As she leans on her little hand,
And guess and dreams about me
Here in this distant land.

* * * * * * *

The bugle rang out at midnight,
The fight was lost ere morn:
He fell, with his old battalion,
Leading a hope forlorn.
While at home the sun is shining,
And the roses of June unfold,
Deaf the maiden is quietly weeping
As she dreams her dream of old.

—Cassell's Magazine.

ON THE BORDER.

A STORY FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

(Copyright, 1889, by American Press Association.)

GIRL, white as marble, stood on the gallery extending across the front of a southern built house in Tennessee. A young man, clothed in the uniform of a United States cavalry officer had left a newly arrived troop standing in the road and was riding up to the house to reconnoiter.

"Have there been any southern soldiers here today?" he called out, at the same time raising his forage cap.

The girl bit her white lips to gain courage to reply. The young man's tones were soft and pleasant, but he was a Yankee soldier; the first she had seen. For months she had listened to stories of depredations to be committed by the Yankee troops when they should arrive.

"No," she answered, with a gasp.

"When did they go?"

"About an hour ago."

The young man smiled. She had made a misstatement within five words. He gave her time to collect her shattered senses.

"Where is the bridge?" he asked.

"There," she pointed down the road.

"How far?"

"About half a mile."

"Have they burned it?"

She glanced at a thin cloud of smoke floating over the trees to the south.

"I see," he said; "I expected as much." Then turning to her again: "You seem delighted to see us. You're not at all afraid, are you?"

"O no." She bit her lip again to gather courage.

He looked at her with a half amused, half curious expression. "I suppose you expect us to burn the house and the barn and the fence. But 'Johnny' has saved us that trouble," he added, glancing at the line where the fence had been. "You expect to be murdered, of course."

"Of course." She was so frightened that she repeated the words after him like a parrot.

The young man laughed. He lifted his cap politely and turned away. As he rode past a group of gaping negroes, "You're not afraid of us, aunty," he said to one of them.

"We knows better'n to be scearyed at our own folks."

"Our own folks!" The youngster was amused. "Our own folks is good." Here at least was a cordial reception.

He rode back to his commanding officer and called his attention to the smoke of the burning bridge, only to hear an exclamation referring to that place where abundant kindling for bridges is supposed to be stored.

The troops went into camp in a field opposite the house; the lieutenant rode away to post a line of vedettes along the river bank, and an hour later returned to find the field white with canvas, and to smell the sweet odor of burning wood and boiling coffee.

After partaking of his evening meal—the cavalry always live well where there is fair foraging—he proceeded to arrange his toilet with a view to paying his respects to the young girl who had answered his questions. A paper collar (without cravat) was made to border the neck band of his flannel shirt; the dust was shaken from his blouse; and, booted and spurred, his reinforced trousers still tucked in his boots, he strode across the road and through the yard to the house.

The girl he sought came to the door.

"I thought I'd just come over," he said, pulling off his cap and smiling at her reassuringly, "to say that we don't propose to trouble you." (He had unknowingly swiped off a chicken removed from the barn.) "I'm Arthur Howe, lieutenant of the —th cavalry. May I ask your name? I'm quite sure it is a pretty one," and he looked as if he would add, "if it's like you."

"Alice Reade." She looked at him with a pair of sorrowful brown eyes; wonder eyes. Women with such eyes possess a depth of feeling that others are a stranger to. She led the way to the sitting room.

"My mother is sick," she said apologetically, "and my brother"—she hesitated; she feared to acknowledge her brother's whereabouts to a Yankee—"he's with our boys."

"Our boys." The words grated. They caused the young man to remember that he was an enemy. And he did not relish being the enemy of one so timid and so gentle. He thought of the exile in camp away in the south; then of his own favorite sister in the north, and how it would madden him to know that she was at the mercy of a stranger. All the kindliness of his kindly nature beamed in his face and softened in his voice.

"Never mind, Miss Alice; nothing shall harm you, and the war will soon be over, and we'll all be friends again, and"—He looked at her with his winning smile and frankly extended his hand.

This was the hated Yankee; the vandal, yet not a vandal; but a picture of loveliness: a lithe graceful figure; short wavy hair, so light as to be almost white; a pair of kindly blue eyes, and above all the, charming smile. Then there was a look of gentility about him that would have shown itself through the uniform of a teamster. She took the extended hand, her eyes brim full of thankfulness, at the unexpected sympathy which had come in place of the expected harshness.

"YOU EXPECT TO BE MURDERED OF COURSE."

"You can have a guard if you like," he said when they were seated, "Of course you've hid all the valuables."

"Yes, in the well."

Howe smiled. "You mustn't tell any one that, Miss Alice. That won't do at all."

"You won't betray us. I'm not afraid. I'd tell you anything."

"But," he said, taken aback by so sudden a confidence, "soldiers may not all be as well disposed as I am; and there are a great many stragglers and marauders. Don't trust any one. You'll never get on if you hide things from us Yankees, and then tell the first Yankee you meet where you've hid them."

"I'm not afraid of any one now you've come. You won't let them hurt us. If you'll only stay," she added shyly.

Howe winced. He knew very well how little power he had except over regular troops, and even then only over those of his own command; and he might go at any moment. He thought of the imminent danger from the lawless of both sides to which she would be exposed. But he remembered her fright when he had met her that afternoon, and thought it best to preserve something of the confidence with which he had inspired her.

"We Yankees are not such terrible fellows after all," he said; "and war, so far at least, is quite a jolly, exciting life. After it's all over even you'll not think it was so disagreeable."

She looked up into the friendly face of the enemy, and seemed as happy as if there had been a sudden truce, and the north and the south were lovingly mingling in a blissful peace.

"I'll probably be about the neighborhood for a while—at least I hope so—and if you'll let me, I'll come in once in a while to cheer you up, and your mother can have anything from the medical department and nobody will molest you, and"

What need to mention the quickly constructed castles the hopefulness of youth built for her. Nor were they castles to her; no rocky fortress seemed so well founded as the pledgeof of the fair stranger who dazzled her with his manly beauty and hopeful, cheery, disposition. The evening passed quickly; too quickly for the new friends. Howe rose to go, long after he had heard the bugle across the road sound "lights out."

"You'll be here a long while?" she asked, yet with a trifle of anxiety notwithstanding what he had said about his stay.

"O yes. I think so. That is, only the commanding general knows exactly how long. You see I am not the commanding general or the colonel, or the major, only a second lieutenant."

She thought him noble, and good, and beautiful enough to be the president.

Howe extended his hand to take leave. The hands once clasped, neither seemed in haste to unclasp them. Howe was tempted to take his adieu from her red lips; but he was too chivalrous to presume so far on so short an acquaintance. Then she was so confiding, so defenseless; he could not bring himself to take what she might not deny him. He dropped her hand and threw her a kiss from the tips of his fingers as he ran down the steps.

When Alice Reade went to rest that night she saw neither the walls of her bedroom, nor the old four post bedstead, nor the white valance, nor the trifles with which she had decorated her place of retreat. And when she shut her eyes to induce slumber it would not come. Ever present was the lithe figure, the short, light wavy hair, the entrancing smile. But she did not know what it meant. She did not know that the young cavalryman had been cutting his way with the keenest of invisible blades to her innocent heart.

NEITHER SEEMED IN A HASTE TO UNCLASP THEM.

The next morning when she opened her eyes, she remembered the visit of the night before as a happy dream. She could scarcely believe that it was real. She wanted to reassure herself that it was. She got up and stole softly to the window to see the white tents. Cautiously drawing aside the shade she peeped through the opening.

Alas, there was nothing but an empty field.

For a moment Alice wondered if indeed it had not all been a dream.

* * *

A year passed. The territory about Alice Reade's house had been fought over again and again. The Union forces had been driven back far to the north and were now slowly working their way south again. Howe had been ill of camp fever, and had spent several months far from the wild scenes of warfare, tenderly cared for by mother and sisters, and surrounded by the comforts of a luxurious home. In the meanwhile the people of the border states saw no rest from the tumult about them. Howe rejoined his regiment in Tennessee a few weeks before the forward movement of the summer of 1863.

One day while advancing southward with the army he rode up to a house about which officers were standing, within sound of the booming of cannon a short distance to the front. The advance was crossing a river and the enemy was disputing the passage. There was that wrecked appearance about the place which invariably comes with armies. Howe dismounted and rode up to the well for some water to quench his thirst after a hot and dusty ride; then he turned and looked about him. The place seemed familiar. He wondered if he could not have been there before. Suddenly it came to him that he was standing by the very house where he had seen Alice Reade. Then he remembered that at the gate since

and see if she was still there, when an advance signal rang out from a bugle and he put spurs to his horse and rode away.

That evening Howe's squadron went into camp some three miles from the Reade house, and the young officer rode over to make a call upon his former friend. The army had passed beyond the house, which stood alone, back of the picket line, but on the extreme left, and in an exposed position. Howe rode into the yard, from which everything had been stripped even to the little garden patch of vegetables, in those times

ALICE READE SANK TO THE FLOOR.

often the sole dependence of the family for food. Tying his horse to the railing that led up to the porch—there was not a post left in the yard—he mounted the steps and knocked at the door. He waited some time for an answer and then knocked again.

"Who's there?" said a frightened voice from within. He recognized it as Alice's.

"A friend—Arthur Howe."

The bolt was withdrawn and the door thrown open. There stood Alice Reade, almost breathless. Worn with excitement during a day in which she had dreaded being with her invalid mother in the midst of a battle field, and afterwards in momentary terror of stragglers, who had served herself to answer the knock at the door as she would a summons to execution. The reaction at seeing a friend, one whose image had never left her for a day, scarcely for an hour, since she had first seen him, was too much for her overstrained nerves. She grasped at the door for support. Howe caught her in his arms.

"Alice! child!" he exclaimed; "you're frightened." He couldn't help it; he imprinted a kiss upon her cold lips.

She did not speak. The sense of rest, freedom from terror, protection, was like an elysium into which she had suddenly awakened from a dreadful dream. O that she could lie in those strong arms forever!

Howe led her, almost carried her, to the room where they had spent an evening together a year before. The carpet was covered with dirt; the atmosphere was laden with stale tobacco smoke; the room was almost bare of its former simple decorations.

"And you have remembered me all this time?" he asked, sitting by her.

He looked into her eyes and knew what words alone could never have made him believe. How in one short evening he could have unconsciously, unintentionally won a heart, was then and ever afterwards a mystery to him. All he knew was that it was his; why, he could not conceive. And Howe was strongly drawn to her. There is something strangely alluring in the first consciousness of possessing a heart; and love comes quick in young days. Then Lieut. Howe was a gallant fellow, reckless and prone to follow every generous impulse.

"Alice! sweetheart!" he said, "you gave me your heart and have not taken it away; though mine has been full of forgetfulness and careless selfishness. I will atone for this. You are my love; my first, my only love. I will never have another. We will enjoy peace, when it comes, together. I will take you with me: I am rich; we will travel; we will see foreign countries; we will do nothing but go about viewing all that is beautiful in this beautiful world."

"O Arthur, please don't talk so; you frighten me. Peace hasn't come. It may never come for us." She clung to him as though some invisible demon of fate were lurking to separate them.

They sat perhaps an hour, the girl unconscious of all save what had been real, then a long dream, now doubly real again; the man feeling himself to be in the presence of an unconscious innocence, a pure love, given freely, yet without hope. He was too young to reckon what this love which had met him in the midst of a hostile country, where he had expected only bloodshed, might bring him. He rejoiced in it with all the ardor of unthinking youth.

"And are you going away again tomorrow morning?" she asked ruefully.

"How can I tell, Alice? I go where I am ordered."

"Oh, how I do wish this war would end!"

"It will soon be over. This campaign will end the war, unless I am greatly mistaken."

"I fear it will never end."

Howe did not reply. He seemed suddenly to have caught the spirit of her foreboding.

There is a scene of only five or six seconds' duration, which when it stalks into the chamber of Arthur Howe's memory other recollections flee before it as from a specter. It is the one event of his life. Without it existence would be a pleasure to him; with it there is a scar upon his heart that mars the spiritual beauty of his world.

He had drawn Alice to him to say "good night." Her cheek rested against his, and they were whispering again and again their partings. The night was still; the negroes were all quiet in the under story; the mother was sleeping in an adjoining chamber. Suddenly the pair heard the sound of horses' hoofs. Then a voice directly under the window: "Take the critter. I'll join you at the cross roads." The tread of retreating hoofs told Howe that his horse was gone. Then a heavy step on the porch. Alice clung to her lover in terror.

"The door! the door!" she whispered, white as ashes. "It's unbolted."

The step was in the hall. A gaunt figure dressed in "butternut," a sombrero hat, an empty holster hanging from the waist, stood in the chamber door. The comer lost no time in bringing the weapon he carried in his hand to cover Lieut. Howe.

"Throw up your hands, you — Yankee!"

Howe had kept his seat, but at the first sound without had taken the precaution to draw his revolver, and held it behind him out of sight on the lounge where he sat. Scarcely had the guerrilla spoken when there was a click and a shot almost simultaneously. The intruder was pierced through the body. Howe attempted to fire again within a few seconds. The cap snapped; his weapon missed fire.

The man, though struck mortally, did not drop at once. He stood, the pallor of death spreading over his face. The hand holding the pistol had dropped when Howe fired. Slowly it raised again, pointing the weapon at the young man's breast. There was a mingled bitterness and satisfaction in the eyes of one who

Simultaneously both Howe and Alice sprang forward, Howe in defense, Alice with a cry, and with but one thought—to save him. With his revolver Howe struck a blow at that of his opponent. There was a report.

Alice Reade sank to the floor.

The rest of what happened on that eventful night is not clear in Howe's memory. He sees it through the haze of a dazed mental condition, as he then saw it through the smoke which seemed to wreathe itself about them like the folds of a serpent. He remembers leaping with brutish fierceness upon the man who, before he reached him, passed from his vengeance. He remembers taking Alice up in his arms and laying her on the lounge; the mother, who had risen from a sick bed; the negroes carrying the lounge with Alice on it to another room; the sound of horses' hoofs, as one dashed down the road for a surgeon; all this he remembers like a confused dream, though he has tried for years to forget it.

"Live, Alice, dear," he cried, as he bent over her, "only live till the surgeon comes. He will save you."

She looked a mournful good-by. "You must live," she whispered. "I must go."

He bowed his head in horror. "I live? I live!" Then he raised his face and looked into her eyes. "I will follow you, if there is death to be found anywhere among the horrors of this horrible war."

She asked him to wind her arms about his neck. He did so, and they were not unwound till an hour after, when, despite his pleadings for her not to leave him, she passed beyond the terrors of war into the eternal peace.

During the rest of those four years, while the armies of the north and of the south surged back and forth over the border states, Howe was greatly changed. He had been the life of his regiment; a cheerful, good natured jester, with none of the fierceness of a trooper. From that night he seemed a demon. He would ride or fight, or both, all day, and when others were asleep he would be off, no one knew where. Many a marauder of those lawless times was surprised at his sudden coming. He would catch sight of a bivouac fire, however distant, and soon learned to know from its situation if it warmed guerrillas. Though he met them at midnight or at early dawn, sleeping or awake, he was never known to bring in a prisoner.

THE GRAVE AND THE PILGRIM.

There is a grave in Tennessee which, each year, when the day comes round for the decoration of graves of those who died in war time, is covered like the rest with flowers. Though it is the grave of a young girl, it holds one who was a sacrifice in the struggle. These flowers are placed by one who, passing the while from youth to age, makes pilgrimages there. The grave is that of Alice Reade; the pilgrim, he in place of whose life she gave her own.

Has Col. Howe—now a white haired man, though not yet 50—a feeling that he is living a life which does not belong to him? Many a fair dame has not a share for his heart; but he is still a bachelor. Is it constancy? Who knows? Of all the events of those exciting years in which he took a part, there is one of which he never speaks. Because it is so near to his heart, it is far from his lips.

F. A. MITCHEL.

"LIKE T'OTHER REGIMENTS."

When the first western soldiers penetrated into the hilly sections of East Tennessee they were not a little disappointed; for the "East Tennessee Unionist" had been glorified in the northwest till he seemed in fancy like a superior being. The boys pronounced the region east of Knoxville a "land of rocks, fist fights and ignorance;" but their amazement reached its height when the first Union troops from the North Carolina side met them. These troops had made up a lot of doggerel poetry with which they answered questions, but as they were more hungry than poetic when they reached the main body, they usually cut off their answer to any question as to their command, in some such fashion as this:

"Second North C'lina regiment.
A fightin' fo' the government.
"Ra-a-y! Got any terbacker?"

They were always welcome as they generously offered us the latter, unstintingly.

"I fear it will never end."

Howe did not reply. He seemed suddenly to have caught the spirit of her foreboding.

There is a scene of only five or six seconds' duration, which when it stalks into the chamber of Arthur Howe's memory other recollections flee before it as from a specter. It is the one event of his life. Without it existence would be a pleasure to him; with it there is a scar upon his heart that mars the spiritual beauty of his world.

He had drawn Alice to him to say "good night." Her cheek rested against his, and they were whispering again and again their partings. The night was still; the negroes were all quiet in the under story; the mother was sleeping in an adjoining chamber. Suddenly the pair heard the sound of horses' hoofs. Then a voice directly under the window: "Take the critter. I'll join you at the cross roads." The tread of retreating hoofs told Howe that his horse was gone. Then a heavy step on the porch. Alice clung to her lover in terror.

"The door! the door!" she whispered, white as ashes. "It's unbolted."

The step was in the hall. A gaunt figure dressed in "butternut," a sombrero hat, an empty holster hanging from the waist, stood in the chamber door. The comer lost no time in bringing the weapon he carried in his hand to cover Lieut. Howe.

"Throw up your hands, you — Yankee!"

Howe had kept his seat, but at the first sound without had taken the precaution to draw his revolver, and held it behind him out of sight on the lounge where he sat. Scarcely had the guerrilla spoken when there was a click and a shot almost simultaneously. The intruder was pierced through the body. Howe attempted to fire again within a few seconds. The cap snapped; his weapon missed fire.

The man, though struck mortally, did not drop at once. He stood, the pallor of death spreading over his face. The hand holding the pistol had dropped when Howe fired. Slowly it raised again, pointing the weapon at the young man's breast. There was a mingled bitterness and satisfaction in the eyes of one who

Simultaneously both Howe and Alice sprang forward, Howe in defense, Alice with a cry, and with but one thought—to save him. With his revolver Howe struck a blow at that of his opponent. There was a report.

Alice Reade sank to the floor.

The rest of what happened on that eventful night is not clear in Howe's memory. He sees it through the haze of a dazed mental condition, as he then saw it through the smoke which seemed to wreathe itself about them like the folds of a serpent. He remembers leaping with brutish fierceness upon the man who, before he reached him, passed from his vengeance. He remembers taking Alice up in his arms and laying her on the lounge; the mother, who had risen from a sick bed; the negroes carrying the lounge with Alice on it to another room; the sound of horses' hoofs, as one dashed down the road for a surgeon; all this he remembers like a confused dream, though he has tried for years to forget it.

"Live, Alice, dear," he cried, as he bent over her, "only live till the surgeon comes. He will save you."

She looked a mournful good-by. "You must live," she whispered. "I must go."

He bowed his head in horror. "I live? I live!" Then he raised his face and looked into her eyes. "I will follow you, if there is death to be found anywhere among the horrors of this horrible war."

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As to solid provision, they could live two or three days on a cold "corn pone" or even a few ears of

LIKE T'OTHER REGIMENT.

corn—splendid qualities for soldiers at that time and place. Their colonel endeavored to instruct his men by having them follow the motions of the northern regiments, and one of his first orders (when the model regiment "grounded arms") ran thus:

"Second No'th C'liny rasgiment! Put yer guns on the grasound, like t'other rasgiment does."

They were brave fellows, all the same, and when drilled made splendid soldiers.

HARD HIT ON THE FIELD.

We had been held in reserve for five long hours while cannon thundered and muskets crackled spitefully along the front a mile away. A procession of dead and wounded had filed past us until we were sick with horror. Shot and shell and bullet had fallen upon us behind the woods until the dry, dead grass bore many a stain of blood.

"Attention! Forward—guide right—march!"

Our brigade was going in at last, and there was a look of relief on the face of every officer and man as we got the word.

A puff of wind raised the smoke for a minute, and I saw the plain in our front blue with dead and wounded. Away beyond them was a line of earthworks, and I had one swift glimpse of a thin blue line kneeling behind the cover.

"Steady! Right dress! Double quick—march!"

The air is alive with the ping of bullets and the whiz and shrieks of shot and shell. We bend our heads as if breasting a fierce gale laden with icy pellets. There is a wild cry—a shriek—a groan as men are struck and fall to the earth, but no one heeds them—no one hesitates. It is a hurricane of death, but we feel a wild exultation in breasting it. Men shout, curse, sing, swing their hats and cheer.

We are driving through the smoke cloud when there is a flash of fire in front. I seem to rise into the air and float hither and thither, and the sensation is so dreamy and full of rest that I wish it could last forever. It is suddenly broken by the sound of my own voice. Is it my voice? It sounds strange and afar off to me. Why should I cheer and curse by turns? What has happened?

Ah! now I come back to earth again! Above and around me is the smoke—the earth trembles under the artillery—men are lying about and beside me. Where is the brigade? Why did I drop out? I am lying on my back and I struggle to sit up and look around. I rise to my knees, weave this way and that, topple over and struggle up again. There is red, fresh blood on the grass, on my hands, on my face. I taste it on my lips as my parched tongue thrusts itself out in search of moisture.

Who is groaning? Who is shrieking? Who is cheering? And why should I laugh and exult? I will spring up and follow on after the brigade. Here——

* * * * * * *

"How do you feel?"

My eyes are wide open, and I am lying on a cot in a large room. I see people walking about—other people lying on cots like my own.

"I feel all right. Why?"

"You were hard hit in the fight, four days ago, my boy."

"So there was a battle."

"Yes."

"And I was wounded!"

"Had your left arm shattered by a piece of shell and we had to amputate it."—Detroit Free Press.

Spottsylvania—Night of May 12, 1864.
The cannon's hush'd, nor drum nor clarion sound;
The sword and musket gleam upon the ground;
Horseman and horse lie weltering in theirgore;
Patriots are dead and heroes done no more;
While solemnly the moonlight shrouds the plain
And lights the pallid features of the slain.

The "Horrors" of War.

The boys of the Sixth Indiana cavalry relate as a fact (though no one swears to it) that on entering a region in Tennessee which had just suffered its first visit from scouting parties, an old woman issued from a rather pretentious dwelling and addressed the captain in front as follows:

"Gin'ral, I want you to go right off an' stop this war, for it's offul hard on we 'uns. This mawnin' some o' Gineral Morgan's critter men was in them woods thar and some o' you uns walk men come in an' got into a line o' fight right in my yard an' knocked down my new sash hopper, what I wouldn't a took two dollars and a quarter for."

CALL and see the Stoddard Creamery and Churn, and as good Mixed Paints as are made, at J. C. Hamlin's.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Payable in Advance, one year $1.00; six months, 50c.; three months, 25 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for each subsequent insertion. Yearly advertisements inserted at the following rates: Occupying one inch, $5.00; two inches, $9.00; three inches, $12.00; each additional inch, $3.00. Professional cards, not exceeding one inch in space, $5.00 per year.

Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion; five cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Marriage announcements, of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

All communications should be addressed to

E. SUPPLEE, Editor and Proprietor

Smethport, Pa., May 24, 1889.

THE legislature was as "dead as a mackerel" over two weeks ago, but its harbinger, the *Legislative Record*, still lives.

"HOME RULE" seemed to have knocked into splinters "outside interference," in Allegheny county last Saturday in the selection of a county committee. Out of eighty members "Home Rulers," headed by Magee, secured sixty.

AT THEIR close of each session of the whole senate, a committee consisting of five Republican senators who hold over, are selected to make up the official force of the next senate. It is the next organization the committee is composed of the following senators: Messrs. Keyburn, Mehard, Packer, Woods and Lemon.

IT IS reported on what seems to be reliable authority that the president has laid down the rule that in making appointments he will discriminate in favor of professionals and against dress-braiders; that the wishes of business men will not be consulted first; that removals will not be made for political reasons solely; that incumbents who have proven themselves faithful and competent will be allowed to serve out the full term of four years.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE, editor of the *North American Review*, who was recently appointed minister to Russia by President Harrison, died at the Fifth Avenue hotel, New York, on Thursday morning of last week of bronchitis. Mr. Rice had been suffering from a throat affection for a few days past, but was not supposed to be in any danger. He intended to sail for Europe on Wednesday, the 15th, in the Inman steamer City of Paris, but was compelled to delay his departure owing to sickness.

WASHINGTON was not only a sterling patriot, but a shrewd, practical politician, and believed in making the Government service harmonious in all its details. In September 1789, he wrote to his Secretary of War, Timothy Pickering: "I shall not, while I have the honor to administer the Government, bring a man into any office of consequence knowingly, whose political bosom is adverse to the measures which the General Government are pursuing; for this, in my opinion, would be political suicide."

BY ALL the presidents, from George Washington to Benjamin Harrison, inclusive, 14 were Episcopalians, five of the Presbyterians; four of the Methodist; two of the Congregationalist; one of the Dutch Reform; one of the Disciples of Smith. Thomas Jefferson was not a church member; he was called "Liberal." Of occupations, seventeen were lawyers; nine a surveyor; two statesmen; two soldiers, one farmer. Of ancestry, fourteen were English; one Welsh; three Scotch; four Scotch-Irish, and one Dutch.

A MONUMENTAL financial achievement was consummated recently by the city of New York in the selling of $7,000,000 new bonds which were issued to pay for the new park lands in the annexed district. Bids were opened by the comptroller for $7,359,000 worth, at prices ranging from par to 104 12. What makes the transaction so remarkable is the low rate of interest that the bonds bear. They will pay the investors at par only 2 1-2 per cent. per year which is said to be less than the interest on any other bonds issued in this country.

COMMISSIONER TANNER denies most emphatically the published report that he proposed using a lot of Ex-Commissioner Black's private letters of a political nature that had been placed in his hands by an employe of the Pension office. He has none of Gen. Black's private letters and would not use them if he had, but he has a batch of official letters to various officials of the Pension office that will show the manner in which the office was made to serve the Democratic party during the last administration. These he proposes to make use of when the proper time comes.

A RECENT dispatch from Washington to the Philadelphia *Inquirer* says: "In regard to the decapitation of fourth-class postmasters the president is following the line of action of his predecessor. The wholesale slaughter of this class of officials could not be carried out with sufficient expedition. The whole force of the appointment office was engaged night and day in making removals. There are about sixty thousand of this class of officers. At the present rate of decapitation, Under General Clarkson, about one thousand a week, it will require just sixty weeks to complete the political changes in the personnel of this branch of the service."

IT IS said that since Hon. F. W. Palmer took command at the government printing office in Washington that establishment has rivaled the White House in the number of visitors it has received. Mr. Palmer has been kept so busy receiving the crowd that he has not had time to make changes. He has made but few appointments so far, but says it is his purpose to re-organize the entire establishment just as fast as he can get time enough to decide upon good men for the principal places in the office. We are pleased to know that he has already drafted Hon. E. Cowan of the Warren *Mail*, late servica in the big printing office, and other graduates of the old Jamestown *Journal* office, all "good men and true," will probably be wanted in due time.

THE COUNTY FLUME.

There are sixty postoffices in this county and an application is filed in the postoffice department at Washington, for another, to be located at Watsonville, Hamilton township, on the line of the Bradford and Kinzua narrow gauge railroad. Those having charge of many of these offices have held the positions during several administrations, and as they are located in sparsely settled communities, where the business is light and the salaries small, they will probably be contented in their positions as long as they will consent to serve. The Ceres postoffice is quite an important one, and although the business of the office comes principally from the citizens of this county, the office is on the New York side of the state line, and is filled by a citizen of Allegany county, N. Y. The line dividing the states of New York and Pennsylvania runs through the centre of the village. Following is a list of the twelve important offices of the county, with the names of the present incumbents, the date of their appointments, and the salaries fixed at the last ratings, several of which will undoubtedly be increased when the salaries are again fixed. The East Smethport, Larrabee, Mt. Alton and Turtle Point offices are included in the list because there is quite a contest for each of them:

Smethport	C. B. Whitehead	May 5, '86	$2000
Bermina City	Mary Engler	Sept 24, '83	727
Irvine Center	S. Golden	Nov 2, '85	909
East Smethport	J. M. Tracy	Jan 22, '83	1276
Eldred	C. V. White	May 1, '86	1000
Keno	O. L. Keltz	Feb. 5, '86	1113
Kelly Hill Creek	Jno. H. Slater	June 20, '88	1000
Larrabee	Wm. Bunbar	Aug 25, '83	1000
Mt. Alton	J. W. Reagan	Nov 2, '85	1000
West Allegany	W. J. Davis	Aug 28, '86	1000
Turtle Point	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

NEW NORTH AND SOUTH ROUTE.

D. G. Oyster, of Ridgway, one of the leading capitalists of rural Western Pennsylvania, was at the National Wednesday night, and in the course of conversation about things up the road he spoke about the new arrangements to be made as soon as the loop is open from Clermont to Johnsonburg. This loop daily to Clermont. The schedule, as Mr. Oyster gives it, will be to leave Clermont in the morning, run to Falls Creek, make a round trip to Ridgway, then from Falls Creek in the evening to Clermont, connecting with the Pittsburgh trains at Falls Creek.

But this is the least of the new service. Mr. Oyster has authentic information that trains will be put on to be run from Buffalo and Rochester to Pittsburgh via Falls Creek and the Allegany Valley, making a new route from these points, and a new route from Dubois north.

As the new line is under the management of the Pennsylvania railroad it will be in competition with northern lines and the freight and passenger services cannot fail to be made as convenient and comfortable as possible in the hope of attracting as much trade as can be had.—*DuBois Express.*

THE following is a copy of an autographic letter of President Lincoln, which adorns the walls of a hall in many American visitors to the Nations English seat of learning have looked upon it with deep interest and it is treasured by the authorities of the college, not only as a memento of the martyr president, but also as a model of clear English, gracefully expressing the highest sentiment:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 21, 1864.

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.:

DEAR MADAM—I have been shown in the files of the war department a statement of the adjutant general of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved ones, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. I have very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A TEXAS statesman of the true Republican persuasion appeared in Washington and went before Postmaster-General Wanamaker to secure the simple thing of a change in a country postmaster. Mr. Wanamaker said he he didn't think he could do it, for he had told the Rev. So and so he couldn't do it. The Texan was astonished, and with strong language demanded to know what in thunder the "pulpit pounder" had to do with the question anyway. Thereupon the Postmaster General lectured the Texan on the sin of profanity. "When Mr. Wanamaker had finished," says the *Globe Democrat* correspondent, "the Texas statesman, in solemn silence, took his hat and walked out. The lecture was lost upon him, however, for when he found himself in the hall outside he broke loose. He said many things of a sulphurous character that would have deeply grieved Mr. Wanamaker had he been there to hear. For about five minutes the names of all the deity, biblical, classical, mythological or otherwise, were taken in vain; and then the representatives of the state of Texas, feeling somewhat better, walked out into the street and the sunshine."

THE Philadelphia *Inquirer* has made a canvass of the state through the county editors, as to the probable result of the vote on prohibition, out-side of Philadelphia. The figures indicate the defeat of the amendment by 35,000. It is estimated that Philadelphia will add at least 25,000 to that figure. The figures may be very materially changed, however, before the 18th of June.

LITERARY NOTES.

HENRY JAMES, in an article upon "Our Artists in Europe," which will be published, with portraits, in *Harper's Magazine* for June, declares: If the conditions are ever arranged at some bar of justice to answer in regard to what they have given, of good or of bad, to humanity, our interesting age (which certainly is not open to the charge of having stood with its hands in its pockets) might perhaps do worse than put forth the plea, 'Dear me! I have given it a fresh interest in black and white.'" He reviews the work of a number of men who have had much to do, especially by magazines illustration, with creating that "fresh interest"—the work of F. D. Millet, Edwin A. Abbey, Alfred Parsons, George H. Boughton, George Du Maurier and C. S. Reinhart.

MORE ABOUT THE AMENDMENT.

EDITOR MINER:—The fallacy that lurks in most of the questions propounded by Mr. C. W. Dickinson in last week's MINER is that he assumes as true the very thing that needs to be proven. Were he to assert that McKean county had a larger population than either Erie or Crawford counties, how many would believe it until he gave the figures for it? We should insist all the more upon the figures when there was such a strong suspicion that it was not so. He wants to know why the taxes are so much higher in prohibitory states than in license states? Not a single figure does he offer in proof of such an improbable thing. Perhaps it is because it costs people more to keep sober than to drink a good deal, or because it is more expensive for a county to have a jail empty, than to keep it well filled up? Just that reasonable! "Why did Kansas head the list of murders in '88?" Did it? The question reminds us of the one Louis XIV is said to have put to his courtiers. "Why will a basin of water weigh no more with a fish, one pound in weight in it, than it will without the fish?" Many efforts to solve the great mystery were made. "Water is the native element of the fish" was one. At last one pricked the bubble by asking if it was really so that it would'nt weigh any more? Before we believe this Kansas fish story we will simply ask Mr. Dickinson to tell us the number of murders in Kansas in 1888? in Ohio? in Pennsylvania? in New York? &c. We are so familiar with these conundrums, ingeniously gotten up by the Chautauqua and other liquor papers that we have learned to treat them as conundrums.

Artemus Ward in giving some [illegible] to a young western editor, is reported to have advised, it is a bad thing for an editor to know too many things that are not so, or to hear of too many things that never happened. Artemus was wise, as well as witty. Our own theory about this absurd Kansas story is that it originated from that item that drifted around through the press early in 1888, concerning a murder in Kansas, on New Years day. It ran thus: Prohibition Kansas leads off in murders this year! The evidently is the egg out of which was hatched the strange looking Kansas hobgoblin that has so greatly aroused the curiosity and wonderment of our friend up at Norwich!

Kansas and Iowa take as good care of their insane as any other state. The point in Senator Hoar's address quoted was clear enough for any ordinary mind to see. It was that the difference in population between Iowa and Massachusetts would not account for the great difference in taxes. Iowa not having one for all or her jails many of them empty, Massachusetts asking for $2,000,000, to enlarge hers. The state debt of Iowa as officially reported July 1887, was $235,435. of Massachusetts Jan' 1887, $31,429,682. Let any school-boy sit down and figure out the per capita and see if he can tell in which interest, and see if he can tell in which interest, and see if he can tell in which state taxes would be greater? But state taxes would be greater? But state taxes would be greater? But figures are too precious to spend on such questions as these.

Our friend Vindex we see has been of hunting up the clergy who opposed the amendment in Massachusetts. His list is about as reliable as were his wild statements concerning Indiana, Ohio, New York &c. We can take time only to correct the Methodist part of it. Rev. C. A. Bartol, introduced with such a flourish of trumpets, as one of the most eloquent divines of the Methodist church, in this country, is not a Methodist at all, and never was! Such an egregious blunder as this throws a suspicion over his other statements. He says that it is a fact that the keepers of all the dives in the cities worked hard for the amendment. Now that he as badly mistaken about this, as he was about Mr. Bartol! Wasn't it against the amendment these fellows worked so hard? guess it was. But what is strangest yet, is the that: "to exterminate drunkenness, or any other sin, is what God never undertakes to do"! We have always been under the impression that the purpose and design of the decalogue, with its reiterated and emphatic, "Thou shalt not", was to thoroughly exterminate the sins of idolatry, theft, adultery, murder &c. If "Thou shalt not kill," is not prohibition, and of the stiffest kind, will some one tell us what is? But this new theologian tells us it does not mean this at all. Had this learned Boston divine stood in the place of Moses to receive the law we imagine some such protest as this: Why, bless you, this law can never be enforced give us something more practical! Unfortunately Moses never lived in Boston, and never heard of such New Theology! Possibly the one who in his sermon on the mount, said, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off. If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out" did not know so well as this Boston man does, what God's purposes were! and possibly he did. What a strange bible this man must have!

It is the old story over again. What eloquent divines there were, fifty years ago, who could prove conclusively—so they thought—that slavery was a divine institution, ordained by the Almighty! What a strange sound these words have in this day! What a strange sound some of the so-called arguments urged to-day in favor of the drinking system will have fifty years from now! The world is moving, friends, better move along with it!

T. W. CHANDLER.

Smethport, May 20, 1889.

OLD SOLDIERS DYING OUT.

One of the most important subjects Commander-in-chief Warner, of the G. A. R., has become interested in is that of establishing a proper relation between the Grand Army and the Sons of Veterans. From the very nature of things the sons of comrades can never become members of Posts and thus succeed their fathers into the membership of that order, as is done in some soldier societies consisting solely of officers and their descendants. But it is not unlikely that the Sons of Veterans, as an organization, will in course of time take the place of the Grand Army, so far as performing the works of charity in aiding old soldiers, their widows and orphans, who may need assistance, and in other ways, besides attending to such patriotic duties as decorating soldiers' graves and upholding the principles of Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty, which are the cardinal virtues in the older organization. Commander Warner, in order to aid the work of establishing such proper relations between sires and sons, has appointed, in accordance also with a resolution adopted at the Columbus National Encampment, the following comrades as a committee to consider and bring about the object: A. R. Conner, Akron, O.; Thomas Hemmett, Richmond, Ind., and Washington Gardner, Albion, Mich. This committee, after conferring with leading comrades and with prominent and influential members of the junior organization, will report to the next national encampment to be held at Milwaukee in 1890 the result of their labors, when it is probable that definite action will be taken, which will establish the future relations of the two organizations to each other.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

Rev. S. F. Smith, author of "Our Country 'tis of Thee," spent Centennial day in Chicago and spoke at one of the great mass meetings. He had composed these following additional stanzas to our national hymn which he read amid great applause, and which was sung with the greatest enthusiasm:

Our joyful hearts to-day—
Their grateful tribute pay.
Happy and free,
After our hopes and fears,
After our blood and tears,
Strong with our natal years—
O Lord, to Thee!

God Save the Commonwealth.

Election Proclamation.

PURSUANT TO AN ACT OF THE GENERAL Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act Relating to the Elections of this Commonwealth," approved the 2d day of July, A. D. 1839, and also of an Act of the General Assembly entitled "An Act prescribing the time and manner of submitting to the people for their approval and ratification or rejection, proposed amendments to the constitution," approved the 8th day of March, A. D. 1873, I, Wm. R. Clarke, Sheriff of the county of McKean, Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the aforesaid county aforesaid, that an election will be held in said county of McKean, on Tuesday, the 18th day of June, 1889, for the purpose of voting for or against the approval or rejection of the following amendments to the constitution:

WHEREAS, Two joint resolutions proposing two separate amendments to the Constitution of this Commonwealth, have been agreed to by a majority of the members elected to each House of the Legislature, at two successive sessions: The first of said amendments being as follows:

"AMENDMENT.

"There shall be an additional article to said Constitution to be designated as Article XIX, as follows:

ARTICLE XIX.

"The manufacture, sale, or keeping for sale of intoxicating liquor, to be used as a beverage, is hereby prohibited, and any violation of this prohibition shall be a misdemeanor, punishable as shall be provided by law.

"The manufacture, sale, or keeping for sale of intoxicating liquor for other purposes than as a beverage may be allowed in such manner only as may be prescribed by law. The General Assembly shall, at the first session succeeding the adoption of this article of the Constitution, enact laws with adequate penalties for its enforcement."

The second thereof being as follows:

"AMENDMENT.

"Strike out from section one, of article eight, the four qualifications for voters which reads as follows:

"If twenty-two years of age or upwards, he shall have paid, within two years, a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least one month before the election, and paid at least one month before the election.

"Every male citizen, twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections:

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He shall have resided in the state one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the state, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least thirty days immediately preceding the election.

Fourth. If twenty-two years of age or upwards, he shall have paid, within two years, a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election," shall be amended so as to read as follows:

"Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at the polling place of the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident and not elsewhere:

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He shall have resided in the state one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the state, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least thirty days immediately preceding the election.

Fourth. If twenty-one years of age or upwards, he shall have paid, within one year, a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election," shall be amended so as to read as follows:

"Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at the election district in which he shall at the time be a resident and not elsewhere:

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He shall have resided in the state one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the state, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least thirty days immediately preceding the election.

Fourth. If twenty-one years of age or upwards, he shall have paid, within one year, a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election," shall be amended so as to read as follows:

"Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at the election district of

The McKean County Miner

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

[illegible] your paper shows the time to [illegible] changed, [illegible] time we send the next one. [illegible] paper stopped, pay arrearages [illegible] we will continue mailing it from week to week [illegible] you notify us to stop it. [illegible] get our paper regularly let us [illegible] it every week, [illegible] we like the manner in which we are [illegible]

Smethport, Pa., May 24, 1889. Local Editor

[illegible] PHILADELPHIA PRESS [illegible] week to some of our [illegible] who have not ordered [illegible] paid for up to the [illegible] ted by the label on the [illegible] the paper All we ask [illegible] to give it a trial.

LOCAL AND HUMOROUS.

Memorial Day

[illegible] ing days few the years at best— [illegible] d will have gone to rest [illegible] that the [illegible] ery wea. [illegible] many at the end of life or gun.

[illegible] ory is worthy the years [illegible] d shall not fly a the rains [illegible] s will surely grow back [illegible] ing flag of war and pain and wreck [illegible] ers and no one mourning for their

[illegible] ed to centralize [illegible] ch alone [illegible] Ouch on blonde head [illegible] ed, [illegible] also their story a [illegible] well

[illegible] er we don't. Yes bring them all you [illegible] [illegible] for the grant for the brave [illegible] ers [illegible] ers to grass on their way, [illegible] we will to their [illegible] to the boy in blue.

Iowa Pensionnaire Agency

The lilacs are fragrant.

[illegible] al court next week

Did you see the elephant?

[illegible] ome cherries are in bloom.

[illegible] ar was untimely rain last Sunday

A country seat—the top rail of a [illegible]

[illegible] the election proclamation] [illegible]

[illegible] t forget the show this evening [illegible] opera house.

[illegible] ch are plentiful this year Potter [illegible] is booming

[illegible] s of shirts are getting too com- [illegible] ious waist

[illegible] Oswayo Valley *Mail* thinks [illegible] post is getting "fly."

[illegible] n ers have been fearful for [illegible] days of a frost.

[illegible] Tabuteau's combination at [illegible] opera house to-night.

[illegible] preparations are being made in [illegible] ns for Memorial day.

[illegible] Main street parade last [illegible] was very creditable one

[illegible] r's clothing would have [illegible] Pirate for the forepart of this [illegible]

[illegible] is the time of year when the old [illegible] should be stirred up and hustled [illegible]

[illegible] R. Wood of Ludlow has recently [illegible] a patent for a lamp-black [illegible]

[illegible] grocery store has been es- [illegible] Main street. Temperance [illegible] be stand

[illegible] is said to be "the matrimonial [illegible] n of two prominent young mem- [illegible] ge of consecration."

[illegible] e prompt fire dashing teamster [illegible] home belonging to Mason car [illegible] Allegany last Tuesday

[illegible] ation of the W. C. T. U. will [illegible] ments be their hall in the [illegible] ding during Memorial day

[illegible] school teacher to Forman— [illegible] to run out of luck. He took [illegible] the maple Eve of. Yes sir.

[illegible] no know any America can [illegible] 60,000,000 more comers and [illegible] them to build homes and [illegible]

[illegible] exchange says that it is not [illegible] the clover apple trees have put [illegible] a bloom since the Massachusetts [illegible]

[illegible] ed musical audience last Friday [illegible] ening. Their performance was [illegible] ory to all

[illegible] ung men who voted on age last [illegible] wish to vote on the amendment [illegible] seasons and pay taxes thirty [illegible] elections

[illegible] ball game on Wednesday be- [illegible] Smethport and Port Allegany [illegible] nulled in a victory for the home [illegible] score 23 and 21

[illegible] ongregating fellow who wishes [illegible] a fortune in a brief space of [illegible] ght locate a first class [illegible] [illegible] ssortment of

[illegible] Justice Mechanic street [illegible] to build a flat of four or [illegible] st week. Smethport pro- [illegible] the staff of life

[illegible] criminal court continues [illegible] ek it will be an interesting [illegible] as many of the trial cases [illegible] ed for this month

[illegible] ave in our fine [illegible] ng [illegible] Butterworth's. Perhaps we [illegible] never had— 49 wash dresses [illegible] gotten so low ourselves as [illegible]

[illegible] the Cross" will be pre- [illegible] ng at Rutledge opera [illegible] Mr Frances Labadie well [illegible] ician and able support [illegible] ny treat.

[illegible] Reed Dodd of Farmers Valley [illegible] Miss Elizabeth Mitchelmore, of [illegible] Pa., were married at the Ox- [illegible] ise this morning by Rev Rutger [illegible] *Times* 21st.

[illegible] no hereof which should never be worn [illegible] ard nor who left the corner be- [illegible] ick out of the pocket. It is [illegible] nature that should be [illegible] of sight as much as possible.

[illegible] generally is shutting owing [illegible] the rapidly increasing fol- [illegible] known to have the power of [illegible] large amount of possession [illegible] fact shows the virtue in free [illegible]

[illegible] which represents the Smethport [illegible] 0 0 0 F. has so nobly the [illegible] Lodge, and Elmer Heath the [illegible] d Lodge, at the session of the Grand [illegible] which is being held in York, Pa., [illegible] week.

There is little courtesy shown on the [illegible] Railway these days. When you [illegible] a bag or a bull in a double-headed [illegible] the only way to pass him is to turn [illegible] rear ends in the ditch, and give [illegible] all the road.

Smethport, that patriotic borough, [illegible] celebrate the ever glorious Fourth of [illegible] in huge style.—*Instant Autographs.*

You are brother, and if you Ame- [illegible] to have a good time this is [illegible] chance to.

Fond Young Wife—My dear, you [illegible] me for coming down in a [illegible] shortly. Editor—"No not [illegible] a love. None of our most [illegible] strangers come to us in propr- [illegible] *Brooklyn Eagle.*

[illegible] ed by want of space to [illegible] ek are interesting communi- [illegible] the pen of George Tolliver of [illegible] An acrostic written by [illegible] published in this issue will be [illegible] ed.

[illegible] Robert C. Schenck, M. [illegible] of the Hungarets rode over [illegible] Thursday last. [illegible] ing to visit relatives, who [illegible] ing, as well their fifty-inch mar- [illegible]

[illegible] parties of young people were [illegible] a sleighing excursion last Sunday [illegible] decided too far into rural [illegible] delphic nature. A Prospect [illegible] ty report hails. "The best [illegible] time" was had by the merry [illegible] ers.

[illegible] has a barber shop on Main [illegible] ing general repairs. A [illegible] is being fitted and other improve- [illegible] are in the place. Mr Mitchell [illegible] is assisted by M. May, are [illegible] ing favors. The west side of the [illegible] room.

[illegible] editor of the Bedford *Inquirer* [illegible] that "if people only knew [illegible] exercise they would sleep by [illegible] ck, get before retiring, and [illegible] the face or a dozen deep, strong [illegible] ing, they would be more able to [illegible] their supper."

—The dainty appetite of a woodsman was only appeased after he had devoured a can of salmon, two cans of sardines, one pound of dried beef and a pound of crackers, some evenings since, at a Main street grocery store. It is evident that McKean county woods produce healthful appetites.

—The Eiffel Tower, of the Paris exposition, which was finished on 31st of March, is the loftiest structure in the world, being a little over 984 feet high, or 420 feet higher than the Washington monument. In comparison to other of the loftiest cathedral towers and monuments of the world, it is stupendous.

—On general holiday afternoons, the festive youths from the suburban quarters, sport bill gloves with their store clothes. Of course this is a free country and a man is supposed to wear what suits him best, but nevertheless the bayander-kid "rasher" in the country, reminds one forcibly of a city-made bun on a sequestered dung-hill.

—Tom Harrington came in the last Coudersport *Workman*, over the well-known subscription of "Hunter in Magnum," that he would settle the prohibition question by enfranchising the women. Well we are inclined to think that if the women could get a whack at it they would settle the question in short metre by wiping out the whole business.

—The Sabbath-at-a-striking machine caught the usual number of suckers on the circus grounds last Monday, and it will continue to do so as long as there are people in the world who do not read or take a newspaper. Those few that repeatedly get the wrong end of the attractive games of fake games, should have little sympathy.

—Subscriptions are being secured in New York city for the purpose of erecting a marble arch on Fifth avenue, near Washington square, as a perpetual memorial of the late Centennial celebration and the event which it commemorated. This is a good beginning in a country that has so little to be proud of in the way of marble monuments.

—An Austin inventor has devised a steel corn husker which, by a steam packer and husks the corn at the rate of 8 to 12 acres a day, according to the capacity of the team. The beam and machine may be astride the row, one spear on either side and every ear of corn, large or small, is picked up. Corn husking can now be done just as threshing is, lasting but a few days.

—The Walter L. Main circus and Menagerie gave very good satisfaction, and had a number of excellent features, connecting the bloody tragedies in which the performance was given. The rain in the evening, which penetrated the canvas, dampened the ardor of the performers as well as the interest and clothing of the audience, which brought home ladies and all before the show was over.

—W. M. White has purchased from the Keating heirs the Island near Keating Summit and has cleared out the underbrush and built a bridge across the river leading to it from Armstrong Avenue. The island contains about 3 acres and is covered with a fine grove of large handsome trees, which makes it one of the most desirable places for holding picnics and celebrations to be found in the section of country.

—L. C. Greenman a young man of about 22 years of age was drowned in the Allegheny river at Eldred last Friday while bathing alone. His body after search created an alarm and upon searching his clothes were found on a boom. The search was continued until the body was found about 7 o'clock. The unfortunate man was visiting the home of Mr. B. Greenman at the time, the house being a few miles from Coudersport.

—While passing the soldiers' monument in the court house grounds the other day ex-Senator Emery made the following remark. I have traveled considerable in this and other countries and I never saw a handsomer monument and one more beautifully located than this one. It is a shame that there are any unpaid claims against it. In the connection we desire to say that Mr Emery has paid as much towards liquidating the monument indebtedness as any man in the county.

—It has been computed that between 3,000,000 and 3,500,000 babies are born into the world each year. The rate of production is, therefore, about seventy a minute, or rather more than one for every second of the clock. With the one-a-minute calculation every reader is familiar. But what this means when figured out for a year's supply. And it will, probably, therefore, startle a good many persons to find on the authority of a writer in the hospital that could the infants of a year be ranged in a line, cradles seven deep, they would go round the globe.—*Star*

—You would find malaria where there are rattlesnakes but you will a warm and the home of the snake where there are the purest water, the freshest air, and the driest, highest land. That is why you find malaria and trout side and trout where there are rattlesnakes. Such is the [illegible] ing declaration of a [illegible] ent [illegible] county. He does not attempt to [illegible] explain a [illegible] the fact, but it is natural [illegible] the snake [illegible] the [illegible] —*Star*. The above theory does not [illegible] all cases as there are [illegible] in this neighborhood [illegible] all cases [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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Which they propose to sell at manufacturer prices. Call and look and examine stock and prices and become satisfied that it is a waste of time and money to go elsewhere for goods we sell. We are selling our goods as low as any house west of New York for quality

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Smethport, Pa., March 14, 1884.

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I wish to say a few words to my friends and customers After many years of pleasant dealings with the people of Smethport and vicinity I deem it my duty to inform them that I am at all times prepared to

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in a business way and on

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I have in many ways improved my business and am constantly

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so as to make it the leading and reliable Clothing and

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—OF McKEAN COUNTY.—

I can be found in my store and at all times pleased to see my old and new customers, where they may rely on

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All I want is a call and I will convince you that is to your interest to deal with

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and the FINEST GOODS and the

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in town All I want is a call and I will convince you

WHAT I SAY IS TRUE

and not simply a trap to get you to buy Soliciting a call, I am yours truly,

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The Other Englishman

How the ship was rolling! Thank heaven, I was awake or half awake! In my berth at any rate and not in that horrible engine room But how was this? The other Englishman was here too standing by the lamp, looking at me Or—was it the other Englishman? It was some one who was not smiling, yet some one too who had a smudged and smutty face All the wonder in my mind had to do with this question I lay for awhile in an indolent mood, between sleeping and waking watching him Then I saw him reach across my feet to a little shelf above the berth As he drew back something that was in his hand—the hand that rested on the edge of my berth—glittered, reflected as the light fell upon it and, we're awake I sprang to a sitting posture in my berth and cried out with fear

He was gone in an instant, and in the same second of time I was out of bed and on the floor A moment's hesitation, and I drew aside the curtain which was still shaking The passage without was still and empty But opposite my cabin and separated from it only by the width of the passage was the door of another cabin, which was, or rather had been when I went to bed unoccupied Now the curtain drawn across the doorway was shaking and I scarcely doubted but that the intruder was behind it. But behind it also was darkness, and I was unarmed whereas that upon which the light had fallen in the man's hand was either a knife or a pistol

No wonder that I hesitated, or that discretion seemed the better part of valor To be sure I might call the steward hasten the cabin examined, but I feared to seem afraid. I stood on tiptoe for a few moments listening All was still and presently I shivered. The ex citement was passing away, I began to feel ill. With a last fearful glance at the opposite cabin—had I really seen the curtain shake? might it not have been caused by the motion of the ship?—I drew close my sliding door and climbed hastily into my bunk Robber or no robber I must lie still In a very short time what with my qualms and my drowsiness I fell asleep

I slept soundly until the morning bugle filled the cabin and I was aroused by the cheery voice of the steward, bidding me Buenos dias." The ship was moving on by even keel again Overhead the deck was being swabbed I opened my little window and looked out As I did so the night's doings rose in my memory But who could think of dreams or midnight assassins with the fresh sea air in his nostrils, and before his eyes that vista of blue sea and gray rocks—gray but sparkling, gem-like, ethereal under the sun of Spain? Not I for one. I was gay as a lark hungry as a hunter Sallying out before I was dressed I satisfied myself that the opposite cabin was empty and bare, and came back laughing at my folly

But when I found that something else was empty and bare I thought it no laughing matter I wanted a biscuit to stay my appetite, until the steward should bring my 'cafe complet,' and I turned to the little shelf over my berth where I had placed them on going to bed. There were none there now Curious! I had not taken them. Then it flashed upon my mind that it was with this shelf my visitor had meddled

After that I did not lose a moment. I examined my luggage and the pockets of my clothes the result relieved as much as it astonished me, nothing was missing My armed apparition had carried off two cantains a biscuits, and nothing else whatever!

I passed the morning on deck puzzling over it. Sleigh did not come near me, was he conscious of guilt, I wondered, or offended at the abruptness of my leave taking the night before, or was it merely that he was engaged about his work? I could not tell

The shabby town and the barren hills that rose behind it—barren to the eye, since the vines were not in leaf—looked baking hot. I had found a tolerably cool corner of the ship and was amusing myself with a copy of "Don Quixote" and a dictionary, when the engineer made his appearance

"Not going ashore?" he said.

For the twentieth time I wondered what it was in his manner or voice that made everything he said to me seem a gibe Whatever it was, I hated him for it, and I gave my feelings vent by answering sullenly, "No, I am not," and forthwith turning to my books again

"I thought you travellers for pleasure wanted to see everything," he continued.

"Maybe you know Alicante?"

"No I don't. I answered snappishly.

"And in this heat I do not want to know it."

"All right governor, all right" he replied. "Think it might be too hot for you, perhaps? Ho! ho! ho!" And with a hoarse laugh that lasted him from stem to stern and brought the blood to my cheeks, he left me But I could see that he did not lose sight of me, and I heard him chuckling at intervals at his own wit for fully half an hour afterwards. Though where the joke came in I could not for the life of me determine.

Towards evening I did go ashore, slipping away at a time when he had gone below for a moment. I found a public walk in an avenue of palm trees which ran close by the sea. The palms were laden with clusters of yellow dates, that at first sight were more like dried seaweed than fruit. As darkness fell, and with it coolness I sat down here, and fell to watching the vessels in the port fade away one by one into the gloom, and little sparks of light take their places. A number of people were still out, enjoying the air, but these were sauntering, one and all, in the indolent southern fashion, so that on hearing the brisk step of a man approaching in haste, I looked up sharply To my surprise, it was Sleigh, the engineer!

He passed close to me. I could not be mistaken, though he had put off his half slouching, half truculent air, and was keenly on the alert, glancing from this side to that, as if he were following or searching for some one. For whom? I was one of half a dozen on a seat in deep shadow If I were the person he wanted—and I had leapt, at sight of him, to that conclusion and cowered down in my place—he overlooked me and went on. I sat some time longer after his step died away in the distance, my thoughts not altogether pleasant ones. But he did not return, and I went up to the Hotel Bosco prepared to eat an excellent dinner

The table d'hote in the big white-washed room was half finished. I was late Perhaps this was why the waiters eyed me, as I took my seat, with attention, or it might be that the English were not numerous at Alicante, or not popular; or, again, it might be that some one—Mr Sleigh, for example—had been there making inquiries for a foreigner—blonde, middle aged, and speaking very little Spanish. Their notice made me uncomfortable It seemed as if could nowhere escape from my old man of the sea.

Nowhere indeed, for I was to have another rencontre that night, with which he may or may not have had to do, but which must be told because of the light afterwards thrown upon it. Returning to my ship along the dark wharf, I here and there came upon figures loafing in the shadow of bales or barrels, and, passing them, clutched my loaded stick more tightly I got by all these, however, in safety, and reached the spot where the ship lay. "San Miguel Bota!" I shouted, in the approved fashion of that coast. "San Miguel Bota!"

The words had scarcely left my lips the second time when there was a rustling close to me. A single footstep sounded on the pebbles, and the light of a lantern was flashed in my face. With an exclamation I recoiled. As I did so two or three men sprang forward. Dazzled and taken by surprise, I had only an indistinct view of figures about me, and I was on the point of fighting or running, or making an attempt at both, when by good luck the clink of steel accoutrements fell upon my ear

By good luck! For they were police who had stopped me, and it is ill work resisting the police in Spain. "What do you require, gentlemen?" I asked in my best Spanish. "I am English."

Perdone usted, senor," replied the leader he who held the light. "Will you have the goodness to show me your papers"

"Con mucho gusto!" I answered, delighted to find that things were no worse. I was going to produce my passport on the spot, when the sergeant, with a polite but imperative "This way!" directed me to follow him I did so for a short distance, a door was flung open, and I found myself in a well lighted, barely furnished office, which I guessed was a custom house post. The officer took his place behind a desk, and by a gesture of his cocked hat signified his readiness to proceed

I had lied to do with the police before, and should have smiled at the matter now, but I was aware of a suppressed excitement in the group around me, of strange glances which they cast at me, of a general drawing round their chief as he bent over my passport—things which seemed to indicate that this was no ordinary case of passport examination. Singular, too, was the disappointment they evinced when they found that my passport bore, besides the ordinary visa of the consulate at Alicante, those of the governor and alcalde at Valencia. Of course, on their faces fell my spirits rose. A deep conviction and deeper disappointment took possession of them, and, after I had answered half a dozen questions, the interview ended with the same "Perdone usted, senor," with which it had begun. I was bowed out; a boat was instantly procured for me, and in two minutes more I was climbing the ladder which hung from the San Miguel's quarter

The first person whom I saw on board was Mr Sleigh He was lolling on a bench in the saloon—confound his impudence!—drinking aguardiente and smoking woodily at the table. I tried to pass him by and reach my cabin unnoticed, but on the last step of the companion I slipped. With a muttered oath at the interruption he looked up and our eyes met

Never did I see a man more astonished. He gazed at me as if he could not trust his sight, then started to his feet and executed a loud whistle "Well, I never!" he cried, clapping his thigh with another oath, and speaking in a coarse, jubilant tone "Well, I am blessed, governor! So you did not go ashore, after all! Here is a lark!"

I saw that he had been drinking "I have been ashore," I answered coldly, my dislike for him increased tenfold by his condition

Honor bright!" he exclaimed.

"I have told you that I have been ashore" I replied indignantly

He whistled again "You are a cool hand," he said, looking me over with his thumbs in his pockets and a new expression in his face I might have known that, though, precious mild as you seemed! Dined at the Hotel Bosco, I'll warrant you did, and took your walk in the Alameda like any other man?"

"Yes I did."

So you did! O, Lord! O, Lord! So you did!" And again he contemplated me at arm's length. I could construe his new expression now—it was one of admiration. 'So you did, governor! And came aboard in the dark, as bold as brass!"

That thawed me a little I thought myself that I had done rather a plucky thing in coming on board alone at that, in his present state of the affair with the police I merely answered "I do not understand why I should not, Mr Sleigh And as I am rather tired, I will bid you good night"

"Wait a bit, governor Not so fast," he said, in a lower tone, arresting me by a gesture as I was turning away 'Don't you think you are playing it a bit too high? You are a rare cool one, I swear, and fly—there is nothing you are not fly to, I'll be bound! But two heads are better than one mate—you take me?—letting alone that it is every one for himself in this world. Do you rise to it?"

"No I do not rise to it," I answered haughtily, as I drew back from his spirituous breath and leering eyes. He was more drunk than I had fancied

You don't? Think again, mate he said, almost as if he were pleading with me Don't play it too high.'

Don't talk such confounded nonsense' I retorted angrily

He looked at me yet a moment, a scowl dropping gradually over his face and not improving it. Then he answered, All right governor! All right! Pleasant dreams! and a pleasant waking at Carthagena!

I have no doubt I shall enjoy both," I replied smarting under his mocking tone, and added, as his words brought another matter to my mind, "That is, if you will have the goodness not to disturb me as you did last night!" He should not think he had escaped detection

[Continued Next Week]

Which Was It? Bacon or Shakespeare.

The authorship of the dramatic productions attributed to the last of the above named is agitating literary circles to the very centre but affects the practical masses far less than the momentous question how to regain or preserve health, that essential of bodily and mental activity business." We can throw no more light on this latter subject than the most profound Shakespearian can on the question first propounded. If the system is depleted, the nerves shaky, if indigestion or constipation bothers one at times, or constantly; if the skin is yellow and tongue furred as in billiousness; if there are premonitory twinges of oncoming rheumatism or neuralgia; if the kidneys are inactive—use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest recuperant of an age prolific in beneficial and successful remedies. Remember, if malaric threatens or afflicts, that it neutralizes the poison and fortifies the system.

dec7,'88 6m

Tickets to All Parts of the World.

If you are going to Arkansas, Minnesota, or any place in the West or Europe, it will pay you to write to John O. Sonderegh, General Steamship and Western Land Agent, Clermont, Pa., for prices, free circulars, maps, &c. It's strange, but call it's true, that tickets can be bought from him just as cheap as they can be purchased in any city. Lands and improved farms for sale in Minnesota, Dakota, Arkansas, California, Washington Territory, Iowa and Nebraska. Address JNO. O. SONDEREGH, Clermont, Pa.

1-23-tf

No Quackery in This.

Having secured the agency of the celebrated Sazerville magnetic mineral water, I am now prepared to handle it in large or small quantities. It has been triumphantly demonstrated that it is a sure cure for all rheumatic pains and kidney diseases, besides being one of the greatest appetizers and blood regulators known. It has also cured some of the worst cases of paralysis on record.

Orders left at the Grand Central Hotel, Smethport, will be promptly attended to

F. N. TAYLOR.

Smethport, Dec. 5, 1888.

Persons wishing to improve their memories or strengthen their power of attention should send to Prof. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave., N. Y., for his prospectus post free, as advertised in another column.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 125 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 125 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Dr English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Every bottle warranted. For sale by A B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport.

Arkansas Lands.

The subscriber is agent for the sale of large tracts of excellent farm and timber lands in Arkansas. Will be glad to furnish circulars and all information in reference to these lands free of cost.

Clermont, Feb'y 27, 1889. tf. JNO. O. SONDERGH

Spring Medicine.

Send to G. T. Dennis, Eldred, Pa., or ask your Druggist for Dennis Vegetable Compound, which will make 3 pints of good Blood purifier, and will last one family one month. Directions for use on the Package. Or if you want a good old fashioned root-beer I will send directions for making it. The use of such a drink or the medicine will keep the system in good condition and is a positive guarantee for health.

Forced to Leave Home.

Over 60 people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, it you are constipated and have headache and an unsightly complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist to-day for a free sample of this grand remedy The ladies praise it Everyone likes it Large size package 50 cents

Bradford, Bortell and Kinzua R. R. Co.

Direct lines between the Bradford and Elk county Clarion and Bakerstown oil fields.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MARCH 6, 1889

WESTWARD				EASTWARD.		
P m	a m	a m	STATIONS	a m	p m	p m
5 20	10 00	9 30	Lv Bradford Jct. Ar	8 15	2 10	6 55
6 04	11 00	9 55	Kenzua Jct	8 55	2 50	6 35
6 45	11 50	10 47	" Kew City	9 37	3 30	7 02
6 24	11 29	10 26	" Elmhurst	9 22	3 15	6 47
6 10	11 10	10 09	" Duke Centre	9 02	2 57	6 31
4 40	10 00	8 05	" Eldred	9 50	3 50	7 25
			B. R. & C. R. R.			
3 24	9 27		" Ceres	10 23	4 30	
3 20	9 07		" Little Genesee	10 50	4 55	
3 05	8 00		Lv Bolivar Ar	10 50	4 55	
2 55	8 50		" Limestone	11 22	5 27	
2 35	8 00		Ar Wellsville Lv	11 50	5 35	
p m	p m	a m		a m	p m	

P m	P & W R R	m
4 55	Carlson	11 30
4 51	Chaffee	11 50
4 14	Shefield Junc.	12 04
12 35	Clarion	2 15
11 55	Foxburg	2 40
10 50	Parker	3 41
10 24	Petrolia	4 16
10 00	Millerstown	4 20
9 51	Butler	5 00
8 11	Callery Junc	6 30
7 20	Bakerstown	6 28
a m	Allegheny	7 23
		p m

JNO C. MCKENNA, Superintendent.

Constitutional Amendment.

A MENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION proposed to the citizens of this Commonwealth, by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for their approval or rejection at a special election to be held June 19, 1889 Published by order of the Secretary of the Commonwealth in pursuance of Article XVIII of the constitution

Joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth

SECTION 1 Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment is proposed to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the Eighteenth Article thereof

"AMENDMENT

There shall be an additional article to said Constitution to be designated as Article XIX, as follows

ARTICLE XIX.

The manufacture, sale, or keeping for sale of intoxicating liquor, to be used as a beverage, is hereby prohibited, and any violation of this prohibition shall be a misdemeanor, punishable as shall be provided by law

The manufacture sale or keeping for sale of intoxicating liquor for other purposes than as a beverage, may be allowed in such manner only as may be prescribed by law The General Assembly shall at the first session succeeding the adoption of the article of the Constitution, enact laws with adequate penalties for its enforcement.

A true copy of the Joint Resolution

CHARLES W. STONE Secretary of the Commonwealth

Constitutional Amendment.

A MENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION proposed to the citizens of this Commonwealth, by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for their approval or rejection at a special election to be held June 19, 1889 Published by order of the Secretary of the commonwealth in pursuance of Article XVIII of the Constitution

Joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution of the commonwealth

SECTION 1 *Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met* That the following is proposed as an amendment to the constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof.

"AMENDMENT

"Strike out from section one, of article eight, the four qualifications for voters which reads as follows

"If twenty-two years of age or upwards he shall have paid, within two years, a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months, and paid at least one month before the election," so that the section which reads as follows

"Every male citizen, twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections:

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He shall have resided in the state one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the state, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

Fourth. If twenty-two years of age or upwards, he shall have paid, within two years, a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election," shall be amended so as to read as follows

"Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at the polling place of the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident and not elsewhere

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least thirty days.

Second. He shall have resided in the state one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the state, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least thirty days immediately preceding the election

The legislature, at the session thereof next after the adoption of this section, shall, and from time to time thereafter may, enact laws to properly secure the privilege of voting.

Fourth. Every male citizen of the age of twenty-one years, who shall have been a citizen for thirty days and an inhabitant of this state one year next preceding an election, except at municipal elections, and for the last thirty days a resident of the election district in which he may offer his vote, shall be entitled to vote at such election in the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident and not elsewhere for all officers that now are or hereafter may be elected by the people *Provided*, That in time of war no elector in the actual military service of the State or of the United States, in the army or navy thereof, shall be deprived of his vote by reason of his absence from such election district, and the legislature shall have power to provide the manner in which and the time and place at which such absent electors may vote, and for the return and canvass of their votes in the election district in which they respectively reside.

Fifth. For the purpose of voting, no person shall be deemed to have gained or lost a residence by reason of his presence or absence while employed in the service of the United States or of the State, nor while engaged in the navigation of the waters of the State or the high seas, nor while a student of any college or seminary of learning, nor while kept at any almshouse or public institution, except the inmates of any home for disabled and indigent soldiers and sailors, who, for the purposes of voting, shall be deemed to reside in the election district where said home is located Laws shall be made for ascertaining by proper proofs, the citizens who shall be entitled to the right of suffrage hereby established."

A true copy of the joint resolution.

CHARLES W. STONE, 5-15-3m Secretary of the Commonwealth.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Alias Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, MAY 27, 1889, AT 1 P. M., the following several pieces of property

1

Defendant's interest in the following described real estate, to-wit. A lot of land in Ceres twp., McKean county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz. Beginning at a post corner in the south line of lot No 117, thence north 25½ perches to a post, thence west 16.2 perches to the north line of lot No 115, thence west 16.2 perches in the north west corner of same, thence south 84 perches to a sugar corner, thence west 62.4 perches to a sugar corner, thence north 79.2 perches to the place of beginning Containing 30 acres more or less. Being lot No 116 of Keating & Co allotment of land in said township and part of warrants Nos 2495 and 2467 Improved. About 15 acres cleared, the balance standing, and having thereon erected, one small board house, with wing attached, one small board house, with wing attached, one small board house, with wing attached